

The Tragedie of Hamlet

The changling neuer knowne : now the next day
Was our Sea-fight, and what to this was sequent
Thou knowest already,

Hora. So *Guyldensterne* and *Rosencrans* go too'r.

Ham. They are not neer my conscience; their defeat
Does by their owne insinuation grow,
Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Betweene the passe and fell incensed points
Of mightie Opposites.

Hora. Why what a King is this!

Ham. Does it not thinke thee stand me now vpon?
He that hath kild my King, and whor'd my mother,
Pop't in betweene the election and my hopes,
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with such cosnage, I'll not perfect conscience?

Enter a Courtier.

Cour. Your Lordship is right welcome backe to *Denmarke*.

Ham. I humbly thanke you sir.
Doo'st know this Water-flic?

Hora. No my good Lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious, for tis a vice to know
him, He hath much land and fertill: let a beast be Lord of beasts,
and his Crib shall stand at the Kings messe, tis a chough, but as I
say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Cour. Sweet Lord, if your Lordship were at leisure, I should
impart a thing to you from his Maesty.

Ham. I will receiue it sir with all diligence of spirit, your bon-
net to his right vse, tis for the head.

Cour. I thanke your Lordship, it is very hot.

Ham. No beleue me, tis very cold, the wind is Northerly.

Cour. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.

Ham. But yet me thinks it is very soultry and hot, for my com-
plexion.

Cour. Exceedingly my Lord, it is very soultry, as t'were I can-
not tell how: my Lord his Maesty bad me signifie to you, that a
has layed a great wager on your head, sir this is the matter.

Ham. I beseech you remember.

Cour. Nay good my Lord for my ease in good faith, sir here is
newly come to Court *Laertes*, beleue mee an absolute Gentle-
man,

Prince of D

man, full of most excellent
and great showing: indeed to
Card or Kalender of Gentrie:
nept of what part a Gentleman

Ham. Sir, his definement su-
know to diuide him inuentori-
of memorie, and yet but raw ne-
but in the verity of expolment,
ticle, and his infusion of such d-
dixion of him, his semblable
trace him, his vmbrage, nothing

Cour. Your Lordship speal

Ham. The concernancy sir,
our mor rawer breath?

Cour. Sir.

Hora. Ist not possible to vn-
doo't sir really.

Ham. What imports the n

Cour. Of *Laertes*.

Hora. His purse is empty a

Ham. Of him sir.

Cour. I know you are not

Ham. I would you did sir,
much approue me, well sir.

Cour. You are ignorant o

Ham. I dare not confesse t
in excellence, but to know a

Cour. I meane sir for this
on him by them in his meed

Ham. What's his weapon

Cour. Rapiar and Dagger

Ham. That's two of his w

Cour. The King sir hath v-
against the which he has imp-
and Poinards, with their ass-
of the carriages in faith, are
to the hilt, most delicate ca

Ham. What call you the

Hora. I knew you must b
done.